

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1911.

Good Roads Must Be Good.

It is all very well to have an era of development of good roads, but it is still more important that the roads should be good. This, after all, is the great desideratum if the movement which has been so auspiciously begun is to be kept alive.

Not every county official in the land is a good road builder. Many may be able to build a piece of road in a manner which will cause it to look good to the eye as soon as it is completed and remain in good condition perhaps for a few months. Then will begin a tremendous cost of upkeep that will put the quietus upon all talk in that locality about good roads for a long time.

Through the enterprise of some good citizens of Virginia a fine thoroughfare is to be constructed from Leesburg to Washington. Much benefit is promised by the promoters of this piece of road, as well to those who are to use it for bringing produce into this city for sale as to the merchants of Washington, who will secure the resulting trade. A large sum of money will be expended; at the same time, the permanent success of this enterprise and of all good road movements in the future will depend upon the building of a road that will stay good for a long time at the least possible cost of maintenance.

What is said of this particular piece of road is equally true of all roads that are built under the influence of or in response to the good roads agitation. A very great responsibility rests upon all who are active in the promotion of the enterprise to see that the work shall be of the best possible character, to serve as an inspiration for future construction.

The Vanity of Men.

It is an interesting symposium which The Washington Herald prints this morning concerning the vanity of men. Vanity is generally supposed to be a feminine trait, but if the Washington storekeepers are to be believed—and everybody knows that they are truthful by nature and habit—the men are endowed in large measure with the same quality.

And yet if the question were to be submitted to the eminent jurists of the Supreme Court of the United States, we believe that they would decide that a reasonable amount of vanity is not altogether to be despised, even in men. Without some degree of that characteristic, they would become indifferent as to their habits, careless as to the whiteness of their linen and the neatness of their dress.

There is, of course, a danger that vanity may be overdone. If it becomes an absorbing passion, it is as objectionable as any other dominating trait. Manifested in good degree, however, it is an aid to mild conduct and prepossessing appearance.

Styrene taken in small doses is a tonic. Otherwise, it is a poison. And of vanity the same thing may be said.

Picture Shows and Theaters.

According to Daniel Frohman, the theatrical managers throughout the United States will be compelled to take some radical action to protect themselves from the competition of the picture shows. The attendance upon the theaters has fallen off, especially among the "gallery gods," while even the better class of patrons are becoming entirely too devoted to the vaudeville programmes.

Mr. Frohman's solution of the problem is a reduction of the price of admission. The experiment of cheaper prices has already been inaugurated in Chicago, with the result that the balconies and galleries, which had been almost vacant, are experiencing a revival of patronage. According to the theater managers, much of the enthusiasm and applause which stimulate the actors and impart a feeling of satisfaction to the audience comes from the occupants of the cheaper seats. No less an authority than the late Sir Henry Irving used to say that if he could capture the gallery gods he felt secure.

There is no doubt that a very large majority of the people who are unable to afford the comparatively high prices

which the theaters charge find ample entertainment at the picture shows, especially if the views be accompanied by song; or other attractions. The situation is one to which the theatrical managers can well afford to give some consideration.

Divorces in Ten Minutes.

When Justice Bischoff, of the Supreme Court of New York City, undertook a day or two ago to clean up the docket of his court before the summer vacation, he found upon it 169 divorce cases. He disposed of these with such energy that he decided a large number at the rate of one every ten minutes. By this time probably the entire calendar is cleared.

One does not have to be hypercritical to experience a sense of repugnance at this state of affairs. Chronicled, as it is, side by side with the revelations in Chicago, where little children have been married by justices of the peace, and where one justice did not know the difference between a marriage license and a peddler's license, it suggests a fertile field for the efforts of sociological reformers. One of the greatest works, for instance, which the church can undertake is the betterment of the situation regarding marriage and divorce. It literally goes hand in hand with the saving of souls.

The levity with which we unfortunately regard ill-assorted and foolish marriages, and the ease with which the marriage tie is annulled, will continue until the public conscience is aroused. This can only be done by earnest effort on the part of those who unselfishly devote themselves to the welfare of the citizen and of the nation. It is apparently easy to arouse national interest over reciprocity, while the exclusion of Jews from the army awakens widespread indignation. We become exercised daily over a thousand and one subjects, and yet we drift along in absolute indifference to a growing laxity in the matter of marriage and divorce, apparently forgetting that the future of the republic rests upon the proper maintenance of the family relation.

Facing the World.

From the hundreds of institutions of higher learning with which this country is now so well provided, thousands of young men and women are being graduated with more or less distinction, to take their places in the several walks of life.

There is a tendency to make little of the qualifications for the struggle in the professions and in business life with which the college graduate has been supplied during his years of study. The fact is that the business man of the world who has had many years of the most vivid practical experience with his fellow-men is inclined to expect too much from the overproud possessor of a diploma.

It has been shown, however, that a very large percentage of men who grind in college attain to eminence in after life. Whether it is the grinding in college or the possession of those mental qualities which force a man to persevere in his work, notwithstanding the attractions of the gymnasium, the athletic field, or the social whirl, is something upon which men of business, especially those who have never been to college, and the advocates of academic and professional specialization are not likely soon to agree.

The Babbling Brooks.

If it is true that the house of an Englishman is his castle, it is still more true that his club is even more, for while his own domestic affairs may be discussed and noised abroad, what occurs in his club is sacred. He realizes that club affairs do not affect or belong to the outside world, and that should a candidate fail of election to any organization it is simply because, for reasons best known to themselves, the members do not desire the particular individual for a companion, and he is also fully aware, for the sake of both parties, that any publicity ensuing is the one thing to be avoided.

Such being the case, it seems to be the sarcasm of a malignant destiny that the Brooks' Club, of London, should suddenly find itself in the limelight of notoriety. Now, Brooks' is the most conservative of English clubs. It is not only almost prehistoric in antiquity, but it is one of those peculiarly British institutions in which men may come and men may go, but which, like the brook of Tennyson, goes on forever.

All the trouble seems to have arisen from the fact that their chief—one Soyer—had invented a way of cooking viands in paper bags, all of which became prominent in the columns of the press, and that the cook and his wife had formed a partnership under her maiden name—Mrs. Nora—which was supposed to have been induced by the club. As their products became more widely known, they were associated more and more with the name of the club. The storm broke when the Westminster Gazette published a cartoon of Lord Halsbury, Lord Downe, and Lord Londonderry at poultry objecting to being roasted by the new method. The recalcitrant Chief Soyer was summoned the

Germany and the United States.

If an alliance between Germany and Japan is dependent upon the antagonism of the United States to Germany, it will never be effected.

Count von Reventlow, diligently advertised as a great military expert, and certainly a most industrious worker with his pen, has had another dream. This time he sees the officers of the United States army and navy earnestly engaged in fomenting trouble between Germany and this country. Hence, he rushes into print with a suggestion that Germany should form an alliance with Japan and teach the United States that it cannot undertake to insult the great German empire with impunity.

By a singular coincidence, at the very time that Count von Reventlow's utterance was being cabled to this country, President Taft was standing in a Lutheran pulpit and bearing tribute to the worthiness of American citizens of German birth. All that the President said regarding this German element in our population is sustained by public sentiment. The whole American people heartily testify to the value of the German blood. It means stability and thrift, independence and success.

It is a waste of words to talk about antagonism to Germany. The military expert will have to find another text if he wants to receive the respectful attention of the American people.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

POWER OF SUGGESTION. My mind is so susceptible. That really, I declare. It gives me indigestion to Peruse a bill of fare.

But then relief is close at hand. And the expense is nil. I simply read an "ad" about A good dyspepsia pill.

No Quarrel. "My girl has requested the return of all the various locks of hair she ever gave me." "Oh, no, she just wants to make a set of puffs."

Nothing Serious. "The boss is very attentive," said the brunette typewriter. "Sent me violets yesterday." "That's just a dodge to keep from raising your salary," explained the blond stenog.

Easy to Support. "How can you bear to see your daughter marry a poet?" "Oh, a poet ain't so bad. He can wear my old clothes and he won't eat much."

Not Too Simple. The simple life would suit my bent. And in for it I'd go. If I could just afford to rent A decent bungalow.

Shining by Contrast. "I never go out without my pet bulldog." "A good plan, dear. Certain styles of beauty require a faithful attendant." "In that case, love, you ought to hang around the hippopotamus cage."

In the Alps. "These mountain tourists seem to pay pretty well." "They do," said the hotelkeeper, "but expert climbers are rare." "That's where you are overlooking an opportunity. Select some good mountain and establish a taxicab line to the top."

We Supply It. "They say that English beef is the finest in the world." "I don't see why the trip from America should improve it to that extent."

Mr. Hammond's Diverse Friends. From the Cosmopolitan. During his Mexican experience, John Hays Hammond spent a night with a notorious bandit, who, with his sons, made a practice of picking off miners carrying ore. Hammond had his wagon full of valuable ore, and did not know the character of his host. The following morning the old robber and his sons, after showing Hammond that each of them could put a rifle bullet through a silver coin at a range of more than 100 yards, let him go on his way unmolested and unrobbed.

He is proud of the fact that he never takes a flier in Wall street, and that the money he has made came out of the ground and big projects. The one possession that he guards with great care is his collection of autographed photographs of famous men and intimate friends. The walls of his library in Washington are covered with such pictures of the sovereigns, statesmen, engineers, and travelers he has known.

American Coal Production. From the New York Post. E. W. Parker, coal statistician of the United States Geological Survey, says that the official estimate of our coal production in 1910 is between 400,000,000 and 480,000,000 tons. The first record of output was 23 tons, in 1814. By 1880 the yearly production had grown to what was then considered the enormous total of 7,018,181 tons; by 1890 this figure had doubled to 14,036,362 tons. This was less than the production for Alabama alone in 1909. The centennial year of 1910 saw a production of 32,072,726 tons; in 1908, 21,482,920 tons, yet this is less than the production of Pennsylvania in 1908. In 1900 the production had jumped to 137,170,000 tons; in 1902, to 208,640,000 tons; in 1903, to 260,254,000 tons; in 1904, to 300,000,000 tons. According to Mr. Parker's estimate the production for 1910 may be very near the half-billion mark.

Where? From M. A. F. He—So Billy has told you that he saved me from a watery grave? She—If I! He told me he'd saved you from a much worse place than that!

HOME NEWS WHILE AWAY

To keep in touch with home news Washingtonians leaving the city should not fail to have The Washington Herald mailed to them. It will be sent promptly, and addresses may be changed as often as desired without interruption of service. Mail order or phone Main 2200, giving the old and new addresses.

A Mathematical Difficulty. From the Pathfinder. "I say, old boy, lend me an X." "Would I could, dear chap, but there's an algebraic difficulty in the way." "What is it?" "X with me is an unknown quantity."

A Taste. From the Truth Book. He—When you know nothing whatever of religion? She—Well, I got a taste of it when the last ostentatious was here.

SUPERINTENDENT DAVIDSON.

The Work Which He Has Accomplished in the Omaha School. From the Omaha Star.

The acceptance by Supt. Davidson of the position of superintendent of the public schools of Washington and the District of Columbia means his departure from Omaha, and the announcement causes real regret among our people.

Supt. Davidson has been exceptionally successful in his conduct of the Omaha schools, and, while the credit is to be shared with the efficient corps of principals and teachers under him, our schools have made better progress, maintained higher standards, and run with less friction since his advent than ever before during a like period of time.

Supt. Davidson has perhaps shone brighter by contrast with his immediate predecessor, by whom our schools were used as a foothold of personal favoritism and political wire-pulling, the teachers terrorized until they hardly dared call their souls their own, and the schools thoroughly demoralized. Dr. Davidson quickly brought order out of chaos, demoralized the political party, and as an educator and not a mere politician, he was at once found to possess scholarship and culture, as well as executive ability—in a word, to be the kind of man who would be presented with pride as the head of our school system. The fact that he inspired confidence and displayed real capacity naturally gave him a larger field and a freer scope for action, and as a result the Omaha schools have become much more important and will be just that much more difficult to fill with the right man to take his place.

FOREIGN NOTES OF INTEREST.

From Omaha Reports. "Mountain climbing by motor car" is the subject of an Edinburgh newspaper article forwarded by Consul Rufus Fleming. It gives an account of the ascent by an American machine of Ben Nevis (4,848 feet), the highest mountain in the British Isles.

Oysters are grown in large quantities in the Black Sea and its tributaries, but of an inferior quality, they being small, brackish in taste, and, in general, unpalatable. These beds supply the requirements of those who have never been educated to anything better.

There are no shops in Caracas, Venezuela, with modern equipment. The chairs in use are old-fashioned, straight-backed type, with removable but nonadjustable headrest. All fixtures, mugs, tonic bottles, &c., are old style.

Safety razors have been on the market in China for at least ten years and their sale to-day is small, the demand being limited almost entirely to Americans and Europeans.

The native always has some one shave him, and a razor for him to use himself is a thing of no value. The Chinese gentlemen have their own servants perform this operation, others employ itinerant barbers who come to the house, while the great mass of natives prefer the barber shops, where for 25 cents the head will be shaved in prevailing fashion, the queue combed, plaited, and glossed, was removed from the end of the hair, and a massage administered to neck and shoulders.

The barber shops in Malaga, Granada, and Almeria, Spain, are not only deficient as regards ordinary furniture, but they lack most of the appliances and furnishings which, in the United States and elsewhere, are considered essential for the comfort of patrons and which add greatly to the attractiveness of the shop. Only one shop in Malaga is furnished in part with American-made goods, eight reclining and revolving chairs, imported from New York, and a few chairs are in high favor and yet regarded as novelties; in fact, the prosperity of this particular establishment was brought about by their installation.

It has been customary for a number of years to take a census of the traffic for a single day upon some principal London thoroughfares. The same day of the month has been selected as nearly as possible from year to year, so that the enumeration might be made under approximately similar conditions.

One street chosen for the census is Fleet street, a very important thoroughfare extending from one end of the Strand to Ludgate Circus. It is a convenient and direct route to the city center, and is traversed by several lines of omnibuses. The striking feature of the census on Fleet street (and this would be true in greater or lesser measure of the other London streets) during the past five years has been the rapid displacement of horse-drawn vehicles.

From Two Hearings.

From Short Stories. Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University, was walking across the campus the other day with the dean of one of the colleges, when the chiming of the bell for the afternoon session was heard. "Dean," said he, "the music of those chiming bells is so beautiful that it always sets me dreaming of the past. My boyhood days."

"What do you say?" interrupted the venerable dean. "I say the chiming is very, very beautiful. They make me think—"

"What?" yelled the dignified old dean again. "The chiming—the chiming—how beautiful—"

"Speak louder," cried the dean once more. "I can't hear you for the devilish bells."

A Turtle 400 Years Old. From the Evening Post. Four hundred years ago, according to estimates, Indiana, with their crude fishing devices, might have tried to catch a large turtle that appeared at times in the Chesapeake Bay, but it eluded genovian after generation of red men, white men, and oyster fishers, until a few days ago, when it was finally captured and sent to a fish merchant in Homestead. It will make soup for 10 persons or more.

The turtle, weighing 217 pounds and measuring nearly five feet in diameter across its shell, was captured in the Chesapeake River, near Choptank, Md., and created a sensation in that town. According to the owner, there are 17,000 barnacles on its shell.

A Mathematical Difficulty. From the Pathfinder. "I say, old boy, lend me an X." "Would I could, dear chap, but there's an algebraic difficulty in the way." "What is it?" "X with me is an unknown quantity."

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AMERICANS NOT WELCOMED.

Mrs. Astor's Reason for Giving Up Residence in London. From the New York Tribune.

Philadelphia, June 4.—Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, the former wife of Col. John Jacob Astor, shortly will depart London and take up her residence, for a time at least, in this city.

This news became public yesterday, when J. R. Barton Willing, brother of Mrs. Astor, gave orders that the old Willing home, in South Broad street, be reopened, renovated, and prepared for the arrival of Mrs. Astor.

While Mr. Willing refuses to discuss his sister's plans, women prominent in local society are talking about a letter from Mrs. Astor, in which she makes a record of the hardships she has undergone. "I am sick and tired of English society," Mrs. Astor is quoted as writing. "The women of the present English court so dislike American women and everything American that there is absolutely no enjoyment there. Unfortunately, many of us have had domestic troubles, which, while through no fault of our own, immediately are grasped upon with which to make capital and often to humiliate us."

"Of course," Mrs. Astor is quoted as continuing, "Queen Mary is the shining light by which all English women trim their lamps. If she looks with non-seeing eyes or with lip uncured, every other English woman will do the same."

"If I were only old enough to spend days, for once out of the nursery, they saw little of each other, not even having their meals in common. Each child was brought up quite apart, with a special tutor or governess, with whom the meals were taken in somber solitude, and who, whose tender mercies the little pupils were ruthlessly abandoned."

A young savant named Sauerwein was her last tutor, installing in her girlish mind a curious combination of classic literature in various languages, history, English constitution, and the art of composition.

Only once was Elizabeth permitted to study with other children, and this was in Paris, for a brief period. On her return to the paternal castle she was obsessed by the desire once more to attend a real school. She thus describes her adventures:

"So one morning I actually managed to steal out of the house unseen, and, running away as hard as I could, I joined the children from the home farm in Central Park, and there were just 5,000 girls who danced folk dances and sang popular airs in grand chorus."

When the 5,000 gathered around the grand stand and started the "Star Spangled Banner," Mr. Carnegie was so carried away with enthusiasm that he sprang to his feet, waving his hat as a haton and led the singing up into the high notes and down into the low ones, while the appointed leader stood and waited in wonder at the conduct of the children from Heister street, the Bowery, Hell's Kitchen, and other famous sections of Manhattan island, and they were in uncomfortable white, except when, in conformity to the color scheme they were in red or blue. There were Swedish, Irish, Scotch, Polish, Italian, and other national dances, but whatever the music it was performed with the same energy that entranced the laird of Skibo. He didn't dance, but, considering his enthusiastic temperament, he must have been nearly tempted, particularly when the 5,000 girls, purely out of compliment to him, danced the Highland fling, though that dance was not on the programme.

President for One Day. From the Louisville Courier-Journal. Frogtown, Ky., has the unique distinction of having been the birthplace of a man who was President of the United States for the space of a single day; this was David R. Atchison, who, as a citizen of Missouri, served in the National Senate under Polk and Taylor and Pierce and for whom the town of Atchison, in Kansas, was named. In those times the president pro tem of the Senate was in line for the Presidency in case there was no President or Vice President on the 4th of March, 1849, fell upon a Sunday. Taylor, who was to be inaugurated President on that day, but because it was Sunday he refused to be inaugurated until the next day; neither did he take the oath of office until the ceremony of inauguration occurred March 5 in front of the Capitol. Hence, Senator Atchison, who was at that time president pro tem of the Senate, by this peculiar combination of circumstances, became President of the United States de jure from one hour of noon on March 4 until the hour of inauguration on the day following. Atchison lived many years after his retirement from the Senate, and was careful to have this incident incorporated in his biography. He died in 1886.

Deep Mourning for Dogs. From the Evening Wisconsin. Deep mourning for pet dogs is the latest feminine fad in London. Deep mourning among human beings to a certain extent has gone out of fashion. Deep mourning for dogs is about record time. A London woman tells how, having advertised the loss of her dog, she was surprised and shocked to receive the same evening an envelope in mourning nearly an inch deep. Inquiring of her veterinary surgeon what this meant, she was told that mourning for dogs is memorial cards, with deepest black edging, and even by wearing black clothes, is becoming a definite fashion.

It was in Malaga years ago, when his majesty (then Duke of York) was stationed there, and a dance was organized. Literally on the spur of the moment, one of the ships.

His royal highness was—and is, for the matter of that—always willing to join in anything that promised a bit of fun. A "ballroom" was rigged up on the quarter-deck in about record time.

It was agreed that, since it was a men's party, those who were to take the ladies' parts were to wear a white head-dress of their left sleeve. Presently a "lady" approached the present King and, with what was meant to be a demure simper, asked for the pleasure of a dance.

"Go away, you Jungfrau," was the royal retort. "I am a 'lady' myself, but I have lost my blessed handkerchief. Come and have a cigar."

An Appropriate Exclamation. From the Boston Transcript. Higgins—When I was up to old Sir Hanbucker yesterday, he called in his own honor a "give him the bump." Higgins—What did Sir say? Higgins—He couldn't say a darn thing but just "My land!"

The Autobiography of Queen Sylva

Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, has written her autobiography, and it is a book well worth reading. It is the most remarkable tale that ever came from the pen of a royal personage, male or female.

The Duchess of Manchester (Adela Grant) Her salmon pink gown could hardly be seen for the wonderful embroideries enriching it. Mrs. Ava Astor wore a gorgeous gown of silver with the addition since the night of the court ball of heavy black jet tangles and black outlining the hem and hips in a straight, slim line.

The Duchess of Manchester (Helen Zimmerman) wore superb pearls reaching to the knees, and around her neck four rows with a huge sun of diamonds and three beautiful crescents of diamonds in her hair.

Mrs. William B. Leeds, who came under the wing of Lady Arthur Paget, looked very pretty in a pale blue gown cut slim and light about the waist, while her pearls were superb and fell in graduated rows to the waist. Some of the size of large marbles and perfectly matched.

Lady Paget wore black and gold with a coat of gold lace and some fine emeralds in the corsage. FLANER. (Copyright, '11, by Ount Gossp Syndicate.)

THE MAN TIGER.

Those with Homelike Tendencies Should Not Be Allowed at Large. From the Philadelphia Press.

An ex-convict, who has just completed a sentence of fourteen years, reduced by good conduct to nine, was asked in New York to take a "travert" out of his mouth while riding in an elevated railroad car. He at once began a fight which ended in his killing two men, a number being wounded, while he was carried off half dead by the police, with two bullets in him.

If the record of this man tiger were investigated, it would doubtless be full of assaults, of attempted felonies, and of other brute crimes. The murder for which he was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment was a causeless homicide, springing out of a quarrel precisely like that which has just cost two lives of men.

"Why should a man tiger like this be allowed to leave prison at all? If he is three times convicted in this State, he can, on the third sentence, be incarcerated for life; but this is certain to lead to an attempt to have him pardoned in the course of a few years. The average life sentence in this and other States is from fifteen to twenty years. Prison reformers go on urging parole, probation, reduction in a sentence for good conduct, and all the various ameliorations proposed for a prisoner, without making any distinction between the violent man tiger whose homicidal tendencies are likely to flame up at any street brawl, and the man whom there is still some chance of saving.

NEW YORK'S SAFE FOURTH.

Parade of Nations to Be One of the Features in Programme. From the New York Herald.

Mayor Gaynor's "safe and sane Fourth of July" committee is arranging for local celebrations in every one of the five boroughs, and, where necessary, at several centers in each of them. Isaac V. Seligman, treasurer of the committee, believes that plenty of funds will be forthcoming, as soon as the citizens realize what is being planned.

In Manhattan there will be exercises in the morning in front of the city hall, at which Mayor Gaynor expects to preside. It is hoped that the principal speakers will be Gov. Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, and the new Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson. As at all of the celebrations organized by the committee, the Declaration of Independence will be read.

The National Guard will not parade this year, but Dr. George F. Kunz, chairman of the committee, has organized instead a novel parade of "two lines of the nation" to be held all around City Hall Park. Every nationality in Manhattan is to be represented by an entire family, the head of which will carry the colors of the country in which he was born. It has been suggested that the general committee offer a prize for the largest family in line. England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Norway, Sweden, and the Balkan States are among the countries to be represented, and the procession will pass before the mayor and the invited guests before the regular proceedings begin.

Abnormal.

From the Chicago News-Tribune. "I'm worried about my boy." "What's the trouble? Isn't he getting along well in school?" "Yes; but I bought him an air gun the other day and he hasn't expressed a desire to go out and kill anything."

Formative.

Teacher—What is it that binds us together and makes us better than we are? "Corsets, sir," piped a wise little girl of eight.

CURIOUS BITS OF HISTORY

By A. W. MACY.

AN INVASION THAT DID NOT TAKE PLACE.

In 1386 the young King of France, Charles VI, was persuaded by his uncles, of whom he had a good supply, to invade England, and an army of 40,000 men was assembled in Flanders for the purpose. Great preparations were made for the expedition. Every soldier was provided himself with a pillow, or hired man to go along and collect plunder for him. An enormous tent was constructed which it would require seventy-two vessels to transport in sections across the channel. Just what this tent was for is not quite clear. When all was ready for the grand start it was found that the youthful King was drunk. When he sobered up he decided to wait for the arrival of one of his uncles. By the time the uncle arrived the King had not made the invasion, and all the stored-up provisions had been plundered. The boats upon which the parts of the great tent had been loaded got away from their moorings and drifted into the mouth of the Thames. The English seized them, and found the great tent useful in a variety of ways. (Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Rowden.)

To-morrow—A Lucky Stumble.